

The STUDENT'S PEN



March
1942

D. DeFazio

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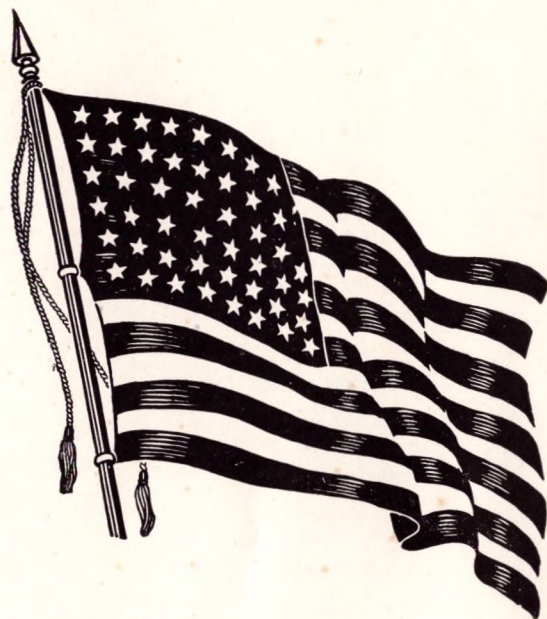
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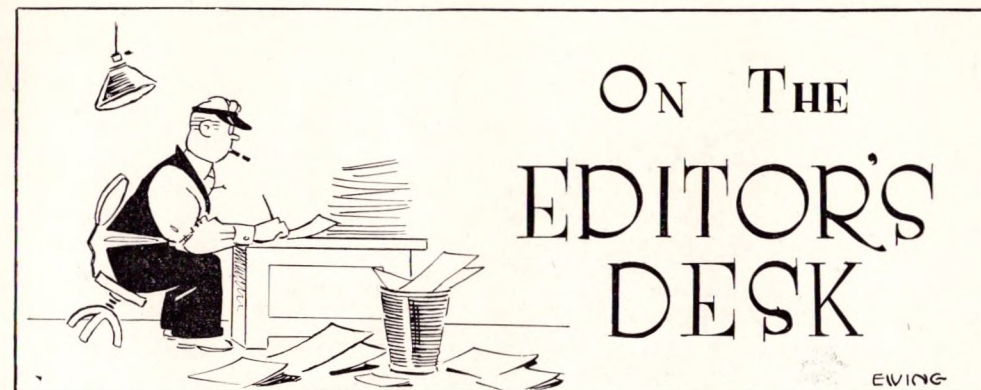
Table of Contents

	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK	5
LIBRARY	13
WHO'S WHO	14
SCHOOL NOTES	17
ATHLETICS	21
IT'S THE STYLE	26
HUMOR COLUMN	27



Pledge of Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the flag of
the United States of America
and to the republic for which it
stands, ---one nation, indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all



Keep Smiling!

By Modestino Criscitiello

THE war, with its tremendous influence upon the lives of all of us, provides a vast amount of material for editorials and news columns. So great, in fact, is the variety of subject matter connected with the war, that in spite of top-rate newspaper men and commentators, the task of analyzing current events in their true proportion lies with the historian of the future, who, poor soul, faced with the problem of untangling the "awful mess" of world conditions, is already groping his way to the medicine cabinet for a box of aspirins! We students may consider ourselves fortunate indeed in having had so little history to study. Picture "P. H. S. '64" dragging home his nightly history assignments in a wheelbarrow!

Hands Off!

At present let us regard the topic of "world affairs" with due caution. Perhaps the best policy would be to treat the war situation as if it were a hot potato—wait until things cool off before starting to investigate. Yet the war news that comes to us via the press and radio cannot help but influence our moods, and this fact leads us to the main issue of the day.

Optimism vs. Pessimism

Someone has quite aptly said, "A pessimist will tell you a glass of water is half

empty. An optimist will call it half-full." Too many people now-a-days are wandering about with needlessly depressed expressions and heavy spirits.

Let us pick at random any two students about to take a Latin quiz. Both skipped homework to see P. H. S. beat St. Joe in the basketball game the night before; consequently, neither is prepared for the test. (a rare occurrence to be sure). One, "Joe Woe," is a pessimist. He squirms in his seat and bites his fingernails all through the exam and comes out several pounds lighter for his troubles. The other, "Billy Bright Boy," is an optimist; and realizing that he doesn't know the first thing about irregular verbs anyhow, he takes advantage of the period by catching up on his "Cicero". Of course, both lads received a "goose-egg" for their efforts; but 1970 will see Mr. Bright Boy still hale and hearty, while Joe Woe has a very slim chance of reaching the draft age! But what is the moral of it all?

Simply This

Don't let an unfavorable turn in world affairs get you down! As a great philosopher once said, "An optimist and a pessimist can both be wrong, but an optimist is always happier."

Good Citizen Pilgrim

By June Cushman



"OUR GINNY"

Students! This is Virginia Murphy, attractive black-haired and blue-eyed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Murphy of 48 Howard Street, who was recently elected "Good Citizen Pilgrim" by the student body and faculty of P. H. S. "Ginny" will go to Boston as guest of the D. A. R. sometime this spring when she will be treated to a weekend crammed full of festivity and excitement. She was chosen from the senior class for her dependability, service, leadership, and patriotism.

Being an only child has not spoiled "our Ginny". This typical senior is one grand sport, as all her friends will tell you. She takes part in many school activities, and is a member of Beta Chapter of the Tri-Hi-Y, Social Studies Honor Club, and is chairman of the Tribute Committee for the Yearbook. These social activities have not in any way affected her marks. She is an "A student", and has a great deal of enjoyment studying her favorite subject, which is United States History.

At the present time, our "Good Citizen Pilgrim" is doing her part to win the war. Almost every evening after her homework has been finished, she can be found sitting in her favorite chair, knitting socks for the benefit of our armed forces.

Among her many accomplishments, playing the piano ranks high. She takes great pleasure in playing the latest popular songs, particularly "Moonlight Cocktails". Classical pieces are strictly taboo. Virginia also enjoys baking a graham cracker pie, especially on "steak for dinner" night. She considers a meal with this combination just "tops".

"Ginny" is taking the college preparatory course, and next fall she plans to enter Our Lady Of The Elms College, where she expects to study to be a history teacher. We predict she will be the next C. P. History teacher in P. H. S.

TO BE A WINNER

By June Parker

If you can always call some cheery greeting,
If you believe a good deed's worth repeating,
If you don't shirk when long tasks need completing,
If you can scorn each easy chance for cheating,

You will not lose!

If you can talk and mean what you are saying,
If you can work, yet find a time for playing,
If you can rest and keep your thoughts from straying,
If you can keep one troubled head from graying,

You'll succeed!

If you can smile when in your heart you're crying,
If you can fail but never think of dying,
If you can sing when times become most trying,
If you can laugh and keep your colors flying,

You're bound to win!

With Baton In Hand

By Lois Dickert

JOHNNY ORSON'S Swingsters could be plenty hot. But somebody had just stepped off at the wrong station and they sounded plenty awful. Johnny Orson grimaced and signalled them to stop.

"C'mon, fellas," he pleaded, "we got to ride together on this. Play with the image of that hundred bucks floating in front of your eyes. We've got to come back from Ford City next Friday with that prize money clutched in our hands. We're counting on it!"

"Sure—like half a dozen other school swing bands," drawled a voice in back of him. Johnny whirled and saw Tony Wade leaning against the door jamb smiling his crooked, sneering smile.

Johnny clenched his fists and fought to control a surging anger.

"Scramez-vous, s'il vous plait," he told him, his voice quivering with the effort to control it. Tony Wade was his bitterest rival, and Johnny knew he was going to do all he could to keep the Swingsters from winning Friday night. Tony figured he and his band could use the money. So he was going to get it . . .

Tony shook his head at Johnny's invitation to leave.

"No, thanks. I'll just hang around awhile. I haven't anything special to do right now."

There was nothing further for Johnny to say—he knew Tony. So he deliberately ignored him and the rehearsal went on. Perhaps it was the vision of the hundred denomination greenback or maybe it was Tony Wade's presence, but whatever it was, the band was tops. Johnny was so pleased with them that he momentarily forgot about Tony. So he got an unpleasant jar when Tony spoke.

"Not bad," he was saying. "Not half bad. But when it's compared with what my gang can do, it's pretty awful. You haven't got a chance. Too bad. Well, so long, fellas." He smiled his crooked smile again and sauntered from the room.

As soon as Tony's large bulk had disappeared through the door, there was a general sigh of relief. Tony was not what one would call popular. Then it began to look as though Tony had defeated his own purpose, because he had only inspired in Johnny and his Swingsters a new and doubly strong ambition to win the contest.

The boys were in sky-high spirits all during the long bus ride to Ford City. They even got out their instruments and played a special number for the bus driver.

"Say, you youngsters have got a sure-shootin' chance to win tonight," he said when they had finished. "In fact, if you don't come back with that hundred bucks, I'll eat my hat!"

* * * *

Half an hour later a red-faced man with beady eyes and a shiny bald spot on top of his head met the boys at the stage door and showed them to the dressing-room backstage which they were to share. It became quite crowded when they all got into it.

"Say, Bart," one of the fellows called, "open the door, will you please? It's stifling in here."

Burt grinned. "You're just nervous," he said, but he opened the door and stood there leaning against the jamb.

"Ps-s-t, Johnny," he called softly after a short time. "Look, there goes Tony Wade and his gang. Say, who's that fellow he's talking to? I've never seen him before."

"No. Neither have I." Suddenly Johnny snapped his fingers. "Say! You know, I have seen him somewhere. His face is very familiar." Johnny laughed suddenly. "We're horribly suspicious, Bart. He's probably just someone we've seen hanging around with Tony."

And then Johnny forgot all about the unknown boy with the familiar face because in exactly five minutes the Swingsters were to appear on the stage—a great moment for every one of them.

The first few moments before he raised his baton were the worst for Johnny. The thought that his band might lose unnerved him. But after the first few notes he felt much more confident. He winked at his Swingsters to show them that they were doing all right and every one of them winked back as if to say, "It's in the bag!"

After their performance the boys went directly back to their dressing room, there to sweat and wipe their brows and fidget until the announcement of the winner. It was indeed a trying twenty minutes.

They stood in the wings when the winner was to be announced so they would be right there to take the prize. Tony Wade and his gang apparently had the same idea, for they came and stood near them. Johnny and Tony stood together in the front. With bated breath they all watched as the announcer stepped on the stage. In just a minute they would know . . .

"The judges have considered carefully and impartially these four swing bands and have at last, with much difficulty, reached the decision that the winner is Tony Wade and his band!"

And to make matters worse than they already were, Tony nudged Johnny and lifted an eyebrow triumphantly.

"Too bad," he said in a sickeningly silky voice. And then he walked out on the stage—cocky and sure of himself—to re-

ceive the hundred-dollar check that Johnny Orson longed so much for.

* * * *

The minute the bus driver saw their faces he knew something was decidedly wrong.

"What's the matter, fellas?" he asked.

"I wish I'd brought some salt," Johnny told him.

The driver looked at him puzzled. "Salt? What in the world would you want that for?"

"So your hat will taste better. We didn't win."

The bus driver began to sputter. "Those judges should get a good swift kick and I have half a mind to do it myself. Consarn them!"

No one else spoke the rest of the way back; they all just sat there staring unseeing out of the windows.

Johnny's mother didn't need to be told anything. One look at Johnny's dejected expression and drooping shoulders and she knew all.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she said softly and sympathetically. "But buck up! It really isn't as bad as all that, you know. There'll be lots of failures, but there'll be many more successes to make up for it."

Johnny smiled. "You're right, Mom—you always are. But, you see, it's worse because Tony Wade won. He'll never forget to hold it up to me. You know him."

"Yes, but don't let him get you down. Your band is far better than his. I can't understand how he could have won."

Johnny shrugged. "Well, he did. And that's that."

"Oh—Johnny!" Mrs. Orson said suddenly. "I almost forgot. Your principal, Mr. Sanders, called and said that I should tell you to call him back no matter what time you got home. You'd better do it. He sounded excited."

When he got Mr. Sanders on the other end of the wire, Johnny found that his principal was still excited.

Winter Night

By Paul Perry

IT is evening. Above me is spread a blue tapestry, scattered with dim white patches that are clouds, and lavishly sprinkled with pinpoints of light, like tiny holes in the floor of heaven. The night air is cold and crisp, and a snowy white mantle covers the hills and valleys, as an ermine cloak covers the shoulders of a king. In the far distance I perceive the faint shape of mountains, seen only dimly through the haze of evening. Large flakes of soft snow drift lazily out of the blue, settling on tree, fence, and field, a downy bed for some fairy princess. I fancy that I can imagine the shapes of elves and gnomes dancing in the twilight. Nothing mars the beauty of the scene—everything is just as Nature intended it to be. As I walk along through the gathering gloom, the snow makes a soft crunching sound under my boots. The moon beams coldly on the still scene, shedding a silver light on the surrounding landscape. There is no sound save the wind, sighing gently through the branches of the snow-laden firs.

MISHAP FOR THE JAPS

By Nina Homick and Patricia McKeever '44

The Japs were wise—or so they thought. They never dreamed we couldn't be bought. They schemed, planned, they sent Karusu. But all this we saw right through, And so to peace we said Adieu.

And now there is a mighty war, Wake and Guam, they're ours no more. But Uncle Sam, he is no sap Why just you wait and see, We'll wipe those Japs right off the map Before you can count to three.

"I've got good news for you, my boy," he said. "There was a—what-do-you-call-it—talent scout in the audience and he says that you Swingsters 'have got something there'—that's what he said. He wanted to speak to you, so I made an appointment. Hope you don't mind?"

"Mind!" Johnny shouted into the mouthpiece. "Mr. Sanders, I could kiss you! I mean—," Johnny felt embarrassed at what he had said until he heard Mr. Sanders' hearty laugh.

"Well, you certainly deserve it, my boy. You did wonderfully well tonight. I was sorry to see you lose. Well, goodnight, John. See you at my home tomorrow at two. That's when I made the appointment."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Sanders, and good-night."

Johnny's world was rosy again. Losing didn't matter nearly so much now. But he wouldn't tell the boys about the appointment with the talent scout until he found out if anything was going to come of it.

And plenty did come of it. A new job for one thing—every other Saturday night at the Country Club with good, hard, wholesome cash that would soon add up to more than the hundred dollar prize. And it was a step to success . . .

Johnny was too excited to sleep that night so he just gave up and lay there thinking about how wonderful it all was. He didn't care any more if Tony Wade had won the contest even though it was still beyond him how he had done it. And then suddenly he knew. The strange yet familiar boy whom he had seen with Tony's band was a pro. He'd seen him lots of times playing at the Country Club dances. Well, you could expect Tony Wade to stoop that low. But Johnny, feeling like a story-book hero, decided not to say a word about it. After all, he certainly wouldn't benefit by it. But someday he would mention it casually to Tony—just for the heck of it . . .

SPRING FEVER

By June Parker

What makes the earth look greener, brighter?
 What makes the air seem fresher, lighter?
 What makes the bird songs gayer, clearer?
 What makes us all feel younger, freer?
 What makes the lassies whisper, snicker?
 What makes the laddies' hearts beat quicker?
 Spring Fever!

What makes our minds all kind of hazy?
 What makes us day-dreamy and lazy?
 What makes us fall asleep in math?
 What makes us warble in the bath?
 What makes the moon look extra sly?
 What makes teen-agers silly, shy?

Spring Fever!

What makes A students start to cram?
 What makes them flunk a French exam?
 What makes your heart throb when you see
 "That blonde" en route to chemistry?
 What takes those quarters from the purse?
 What makes me write such senseless verse?

Spring Fever!

IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME

By Theresa Goldenberg

When sister's beau comes to the house,
 The family's always home.
 Poor sister has no privacy,
 She's never left alone.
 We always share her company,
 And never miss a chance,
 To see how older sister
 Holds on to her romance.
 But nights when sis is out on dates,
 The house is left alone
 Each member of the family
 Goes out on his own.
 That's the way it always is,
 My family takes the cake;
 But then there is poor sister,
 She never gets a break.

MY MOTHER

By Calvin Tainter '42

I love you for what you are,
 Sweet mother of mine;
 I love you for what you are,
 Patient, dear and kind.
 You are my inspiration,
 My everything I own;
 Cherished be ideals that
 You in me have sown.

I love you with all my heart,
 I love you for what you are,
 You are my shining angel,
 You are my eternal star.

MY DOG

By Paul Perry

My faithful dog sits at my feet,
 Beside the fire. He came to meet
 Me at the door when I came home,
 He was so lonely all alone.

His happy tail thumped on the floor,
 When I came in the open door;
 He asks no more than just the right
 To sit beside my chair at night.

For we are chums, my dog and I,—
 We frolic under the winter sky;
 He romps around with childish glee
 To shake a shower of snow on me.

I love my dog. He's always been
 My faithful pal, my truest friend.
 The two of us grew up together;
 Our friendship lasts through any weather.

I well recall the joyful day
 When he came to our house to stay,
 A tiny, friendly ball of fur,
 You might have thought him just a cur.

I glance at him, put down my book;
 He turns on me a steadfast look,
 Such faithful friendship in his eyes,
 I know he'll love me 'till he dies.

Irish Heroes

By Mary E. Lynch

BEGORRA, and by gosh, sure it's March again and time to pay tribute to the Irish, the gayest, wittiest, most lovable people that ever walked the earth. No one has ever done them full justice though many writers have tried.

Down through the years the Irishman as represented by the writing men has been of many types. Take the sturdy man of character. (We'll call him Timothy). He is the possessor of fiery hair, fiery temper, and freckles, plus a wide, open grin, which seems to include all as his friends. In the story he's somewhat of a hero. Generous, humorous, and amorous is he, but lo, he usually loses the "girl in the story" to some more handsome individual. Ah, but that, you see, unveils his great character and the readers take to heart this cheery, out-spoken fellow who has super courage and faces life unafraid and—alone.

Then, there is the gay, dashing type. (We'll call him Michael). He's the Irish hero of many novels. He's tall, dark, and handsome with sea blue Irish eyes that hold a hint of deviltry and daring. He has a flashing grin and a way with the ladies from infants to grandmothers. His presence never fails to carry a certain aura of charm and he's always to be found in the midst of a gay, hilarious group. Whenever there's any mischief afoot—well, you may be sure it's young Michael's doing. Of course, he always wins the girl of his affections though many dangerous obstacles may block his path.

Now there's another type of Irishman whom writers represent only as a minor character. He belongs not to one certain profession or kind of work—he's many persons.

We all know him. He's the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker or the jolly storekeeper (we'll call him O'Shaughnessy) who greets all with "And what'll ya be having this morning, Miss?" And he never misses a time he doesn't slip the ladies a bit of choice gossip, exchange political views with the men or give the younger generation a bit of sweet maple sugar or a red cheeked apple. He is always important to the story—sometimes to the plot, sometimes just for humor, and character. Many times, though, he philosophizes.

Now in murder novels he's usually an inspector (we'll call him O'Brien). There he's hard, cynical, but somehow humorous underneath it all. He goes after his man with sense and logic spiced with a little imagination. He's very smart and with only a few mishaps traps the true murderer.

Some writers represent as their main character an ordinary young detective. (We'll call him O'Shea). He is young in years and experience—really a bit stupid and is forever getting into "hot water" by his innocent curiosity. He does try so hard to be helpful but his superiors scorn his primitive efforts. However, he usually quite unsuspectingly stumbles on the very clue everyone is searching for and thus wins his laurels.

Well, I've given you my impression of the Irishmen, as writers present them. There are many more that are my favorites but these are perhaps the most common. Thus I have tried to show the versatility of the Irish hero. And really now haven't you met them outside of books?



HOME ECONOMICS GROUP

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

A special course in home economics is being offered to all girls who will be seniors next fall. Since so many girls taking other courses would like to have a better knowledge of how to manage a home, the home economics department has devised a program of studies which will include sewing, cooking, buying and marketing, interior decorating, diets for health, and home project work. This course will give the college preparatory girl a thorough understanding of how to live comfortably for less money while she is away at school; it will teach the commercial-minded girl the manner of dress which business firms expect from their employees, and

how to manage this from their salaries; it will give the home girl a thorough knowledge of food, vitamins, and attractive ways of sublimating food. Of course, every girl wishes to settle down to be a good housewife, and if she takes this course, she will have no trouble in proving "that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

During the time spent on dressmaking, the girls will be taught how to make things over, a habit which will be vitally necessary now with wool for civilian use scarce because of the increased amount of woollen goods needed for the armed forces. These remodeled garments won't possess that "made over" look, for with the proper instructions,

any resemblance to "that old frock" will be gone forever.

As for homemaking, much can be said. It's rather clever to know where to put a piece of furniture to make the home more cheerful and cozy, don't you think? It isn't always the trademark on the furniture or the quantity of it, it's just the knowledge of interior decorating that does the trick.

When the girls have completed their course the following June, they will receive twelve credits toward graduation. Ten will be for the school work, and two to those who have accomplished the desired amount of home project work. Don't forget that two points can certainly help a great deal when other subjects have not been passed. They might even mean a diploma.

All who are going to take advantage of this great opportunity must leave their names with Miss Willis as soon as possible so that schedules for next year can be made out. When thinking about signing up, remember how useful a course like this will be in later life. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

SUNRISE

By Shirley Goldstein

The world lies hushed in darkness

Without a glow of light;

The moon is drowsing over

The velvet sky of night,

The heavens' lamps are shining,

Ever bright and clear;

Then from the east comes a whisper

That dawn will soon be here.

The moon begins to slip away,

The stars all close their eyes,

And lighter grows the universe

To greet a new sunrise.

The sun climbs high and higher,

The sky is now deep blue,

And Nature becomes animate,

All sparkling and new.



By William Deminoff

To understand better our turbulent world of today, we recommend a perusal of *Juggernaut—The Path of Dictatorship* by Albert Carr. This informative volume reveals the when, where, and how of dictatorship. It traces the gradual steps—from Richelieu to Cromwell to Bismarck and, finally to Mussolini and Hitler—which led to the eventual, absolute form of government by one man.

On one of the library's shelves rests a volume which could have been written a good many years hence. It is *Magic Motorways* by Norman Bel Geddes. A famous designer and planner, Mr. Bel Geddes reveals his plan for a well-designed highway system in the United States. Also, his book is expertly illustrated to show the problems confronting the future highway and road designer.

Do you remember your first airplane ride? If you do, reminisce with Miss Louise Thaden, in her book *High, Wide, and Frightened*, on the thrill and excitement you experienced when you first ascended among the clouds. Miss Thaden relates in a most interesting manner the time she first became an airplane enthusiast and her eventual debut as an experienced aviatrix.

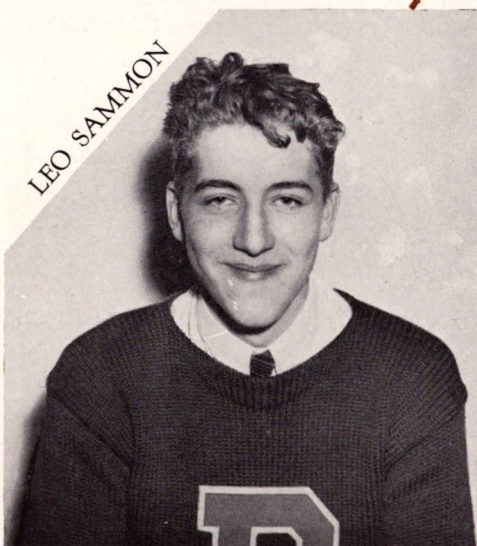
Many of us consider the Eskimo as an individual who is characteristic of the climate he lives in—cold and uninviting. To read William Van Valin's *Eskimoland Speaks* will end the false conception of a friendly northerner. Mr. Van Valin, an explorer and traveler, gives us the facts concerning the Eskimo, his resourcefulness, and his ability to make the most of his environment.

WHO'S WHO



Photographs by Donald Radke

LEO SAMMON



THREE SPORT MAN

Certainly everyone recognizes the somber face of Leo Sammon. "Happy", as he is known by his friends, stands six feet four inches in height and has been conspicuous in football, basketball, and baseball.

Although he loves thick, juicy steaks, he's unperturbed by the fact that there are girls in the world.

Upon graduation, Leo intends to obtain a position in some defense industry, and surely he is the type Uncle Sam needs and wants.

CHORUS GIRL

The line forms to the right for those wishing introductions to Patricia Fallon. On second thought, forget about the line, for Pat, the Girls' Sports Editor of THE PEN and member of that section of the Yearbook staff, likes informality. Next to skiing, her favorite activity is being in operettas; Mr. Gorman, however, is her peeve (or is it the other way around?) Because she excels in the art of greeting, her "hellos" are cheerful, especially those directed to a certain paper townner.

PATRICIA FALLON



SWEETNESS

Her moniker is "Esty", and she is one of the sweetest seniors in our Alma "Mammy". This is probably due to the Hot Fudge Sundaes she favors. Esther is not merely sweet. She is also an all-around young lady, and participates in many school activities. She is Exchange Editor of THE PEN, Secretary of the Debating Club, and is on the Who's Who Committee of the Year Book. Her chief aspiration is to attend a publishing school, which accounts for the work "Esty" does in the library.

ESTHER GREEN



ELEANOR FRANCK



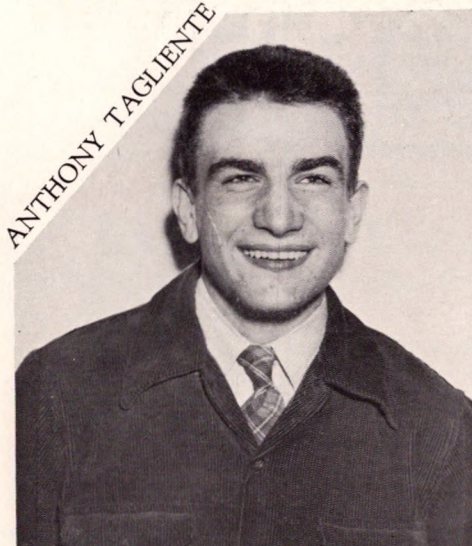
ARTIST

This, ladies and gentlemen, is Eleanor Franck, talented Art Editor of THE PEN. The easiest way to win a place in her heart is by taking her to a good movie, boys. Warning: do not feed her chocolate or fountain cokes! Her ambition is to own a big estate with two police dogs and a stable full of riding horses. If that dream doesn't come true, then she'll be content to be just "somebody's stenog."

SPAGHETTI EATER EXTRAORDINARY

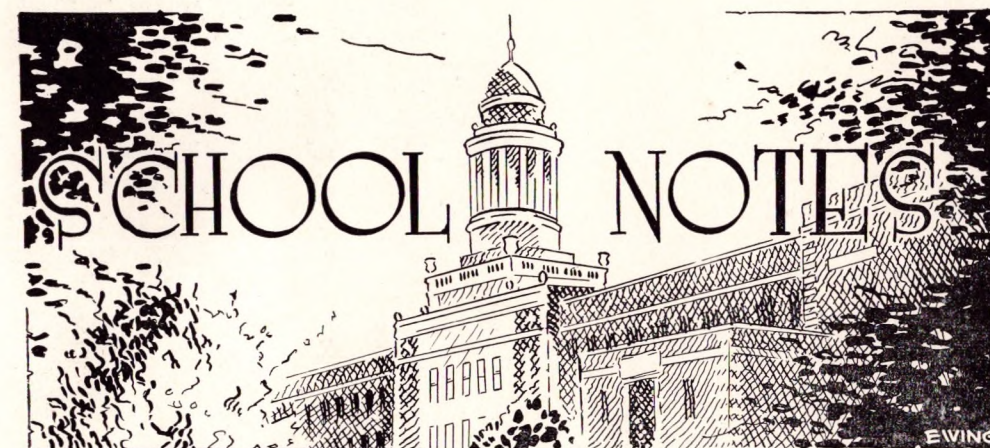
Sports Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN.
Miss Kaliher's Picture Committee.
Runs half a mile in track.
Also on yearbook staff
Prefers,—guess what? Blondes? Brunettes? Nope! Nothing!
Favorite Dish—spaghetti and meat balls.
Favorite Sport—Basketball.
Ambition—Wants to join the Navy.
Everyone calls him Tony.
Favorite Subject—(Miss Pfeiffer take note) English.
Favorite Pastimes—Fishing and basketball.

ANTHONY TAGLIENTE





STUDY HALL A MAKE UP PRIVILEGE



Gloria Cushman, Editor; Florence Ward, June Cushman, Irene Cooney,
Jean Mattoon, Virginia Arrow, Associate Editors

SENIOR NOTES

As the school days literally fly by, the seniors are beginning to notice that their time at P. H. S. is drawing to a close. The work of the picture committee is almost completed, and by the "ides" of March, the Yearbook will have gone to press, (we hope.)

Recently the seniors were measured for their caps and gowns. The color chosen by the committee was navy.

The last chance for anyone to buy a ring will be between March 23, and April 3rd. When placing an order, don't forget that a fifty per cent deposit is required.

Robert Davis, chairman of the operetta, our next important event, has appointed the following sub-chairmen: Publicity, Clarence Brower; Tickets, William Deminoff; Stage, Jonathan Duker; Programs, Ruth White; Ushers, Alma Kingsley.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Class is becoming very active in the affairs of our school. Shortly after organizing by electing their officers, they decided to follow the pattern of government used by the seniors. The Junior Council, which consists of two students from each home room, is composed of the following members: Richard Anderson, Louis Alfonso, Walter Pictruski, Kenneth Sexton, Charles

Bliss, William Reagan, James Burns, Ulysses Gomes, Donald Gilbert, Joseph Garden, Patricia Wietmore, Pauline Volk, Virginia Stafford, Ralph Ringie, William Paulaski, Meredith Read, William Milton, Bronislaw Morowski, John Maloy, Margaret Malmey, Bertha Leidhold, Ralph Kirby, Janet Keegan, Lawton Huban, Lois Dickert, John Evans, William Broderick, Eileen Bloomberg, Frank Barrica, and Gordon Adelson.

The ring committee has been chosen with Alvin Broverman as chairman. The members of the class who will assist him are Jean Pierson, Frank Lagrotteria, Phyllis Goodrich, Theodore Volsky, Russell Bousquet and Philip Horgan.

WE PATRIOTS!

During the month of February the pupils and teachers of our school bought \$1012.80 worth of defense stamps and bonds which makes our total sale since the beginning of the drive in January slightly over thirty-five hundred dollars. Let's try to make it five thousand by April.

On February 10, the teachers sat at their desks all day doing their share of work, but there wasn't a student in sight. The reason for this was the draft registration, which was successfully conducted by our teachers in schools throughout the city.

Already eighteen rooms have 100% in the Book Victory Campaign, while many others need only a few books to reach their goal. Help P. H. S. receive a civilian defense flag by bringing as many books as you can get. Help out a neighboring home room. Practice the "Good Neighbor Policy."

SOCIAL STUDIES CLUB

A new club has been introduced into the extra-curricular program of Pittsfield High. This club, known as the Social Studies Honors Club, meets weekly on Friday afternoons.

The club is made up of members of the senior class who have attained honors in Social Studies.

The objective of the club is to obtain a better understanding of the problem of world cooperation.

The talk of the club at the present time is work in preparation for entering the League of Nations competitive examination, which is scheduled for the latter part of March.

The next project to be undertaken by the club upon completion of the present work will be preparations for the writing of an essay under the sponsorship of the Inter-American Student Forum (Pan American Union) on "What Inter-American Co-operation Means to My Country."

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

For February the Motion Picture Club discussed "How Green Was My Valley." Topics given by members of the club were as follows: Grace Heyn, critical comment on the picture as a whole; Ethel Banner, McDowell, who played Hugh; and Claire Potter, comparisons of "How Green Was My Valley" with "The Stars Look Down". Jess Davis gave a review of the book.

The subject of awarding Oscars was also taken up. These are made in Hollywood shortly after the first of March. The following were selected by the club. Best actor, Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"; Best ac-

triss, Bette Davis in "Three Little Foxes"; Ten best pictures: "Sergeant York", "How Green Was My Valley", "The Man Who Came To Dinner", "Cheers for Miss Bishop", "Ladies in Retirement", "Meet John Doe", "Here Comes Mr. Jordan", "Corsican Brothers", "Blossoms in the Dust", "One Foot in Heaven". The best directed and best produced picture: "Citizen Kane". The best supporting role: Donald Crisp. Best juvenile actor: Roddy McDowell.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

Miss Daly devising a new seating chart for her first period Spanish Class . . . Dick Beauvett becoming "teacher" . . . Pat Fallon saying, "Can this be I" when she took a glance at her proofs . . . Dante De Fazio—doing his bit for defense by drawing posters for home rooms . . . Elizabeth Cusson wondering whom she'll invite to her party . . . Joan Collins knitting the cutest light blue sweater . . . Don Radke wishing that everyone would be punctual (Did someone say that only women are late?) . . . a few senior girls wearing boys' bow ties . . . Irma Dondi suffering from the after effects of a nose bleed . . . Gene Scott breaking the law (for further information see Irma) . . . Mr. Innis trying to "fix it up" for Antonio Geraldo . . . Everyone (well almost everyone) working for a much better report card in April . . . Allan Perrson and Ida May Ewing strolling . . . Lois Merriman falling on the ice . . . Helen Daignault dropping stitch after stitch on the sweater she's knitting . . . Phyllis Leonard exchanging that sweet debutante hair do for a feather cut . . . Francis Foley finding something very important to occupy his afternoons and evenings . . . people on the first floor being enclosed with wire netting . . . Jean Mattoon taking a great big "spill" on the way to school . . . Valentines being passed around by the dozens . . . many senior girls bridesmaiding.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS!

"Good Americans," that's what we want to be! We can have only one teaspoonful of sugar in our coffee in the morning; we can't buy tires any more because rubber is scarce; we couldn't use the car if we could buy tires, for gasoline is at the point of being rationed. That is perfectly agreeable to us, but now we are obliged to get up one hour earlier. We ask you, "Is That Fair?" Can a person get along without his beauty sleep? For the answers to my questions read the following interviews.

The teachers say:

MISS RHOADES—"I never did like to get up in the morning—especially in the dark!"

MR. HERRICK—"A good idea. I like it."

MISS NAGLE—"The sunrise over the dome is beautiful."

MR. INNIS—"Everyone has to sacrifice something."

MR. RYAN—"Not much."

MISS KALIHHER—"To think all this happened because of a yellow race only 5 foot 3."

MISS PARKER—"I always thought it would be a good idea, but now that it is here it seems rather cruel."

MRS. PIERCE—"War time is supposed to wake us up, instead of keeping us awake."

MR. C. McMAHON—"I like everything except the mornings."

MISS CURTIN—"It's just like Harry Lauder said: 'It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed.'"

MISS DALY—"I train my mind to wake up early—no alarm clock for me."

MR. DAVIDSON—"No difference one way or the other."

MR. LEAHY—"I manage to get a half an hour extra of sleep."

And the students confirm the ideas of the teachers:

JACK WILKINSON—"War hours are O. K. if you're used to getting up to milk the cows, but they're pretty tough on a city slicker like me."

DOT BRENNAN—"I'm too sleepy to voice my opinion."

BILLY BRODERICK—"I'm desperate!"

RUTH BINDER—"To see a sunrise is something new."

BILL CLAFFIE—"It doesn't get dark quick enough to suit me."

FLORENCE WARD—"I can stay out an hour later."

ROSEMARY MILNE—"Quite a fad to walk to school and see the moon."

AL DANIELS—"It's so dark when I get up that I'm afraid."

RUTH WILBUR—"There's no time like war time."

DEL DELEVAN—"It's darker when you get up than it is when you go to bed."

JOE PROCOPIO—"I'm sl-e-e-py."

RUTH HOLDEN—"I sure hope it kills a few Japs because it's killing me."

TED VOLSKY—"It's so dark when I get up, I can't even see with a lantern."

LA FOREST SMITH—"I'm just beginning to understand why the sun is always an hour late."

BILLY FITZGERALD—"Eight o'clock in the morning comes too soon for me."

MEREDITH READ—"Such difficult matters of government regulation are not easily comprehended by sixteen-year-old individuals."

PICTURESQUE SPEECH AND PATTERN

Life is a glistening surface with smudges here and there.

A naked tree is like a woman having a permanent wave.

People crowding out of a bus look like meat squeezing out of a meat grinder.—*Joan Rose.*

Winds of flattery puffed out her sails of arrogance.—*June Parker.*



NEWS FROM OUR RECRUIT

We just received a most welcome letter from Mr. Newman, and since so many are interested in what he is doing to help our country, we are passing along a little news. He has been stationed with Company C, 2nd battalion of the Coast Artillery somewhere in the South. He explained that his job is to annoy the enemy at a prudent distance, which will discourage them from picnicking along our coast line.

Mr. Newman clearly showed that he was not losing his keen sense of humor when he wrote that students who inhabited the library would derive the greatest satisfaction from witnessing his daily activities. He said that instead of inviting others to sit down, be quiet, and similar requests, it was he who is now the person addressed. For the benefit of our library loungers, he wished to note that *Army drill sergeants* are even more exacting than *high school librarians*.

INFORMATION, PLEASE?

Did you know that—

1. Miss Daly is taking a course in mechanics for her hobby?
2. There will be no gym exhibition this spring?
3. One of our pet English teachers began her career teaching German?
4. Bernardo O'Higgins was not an Irish patriot, but the first president of the republic of Chile?
5. The suggestion of having sessions of school on Saturdays during the present emergency has been tabooed by Superintendent Russell?
6. On March 31 Miss Julia Shlemon from Persia will tell us about her country, its customs, its mode of life, and its crafts?
7. The office had to call up a few teachers on February 9, because they had forgotten to put their alarm clocks one hour ahead the night before?

(What is this world coming to?)

AROUND THE CLOCK AT P. H. S.

In study hall recently your School Notes Editor let her thoughts wander with the following results. Popular song titles seem made for P. H. S.:

- "How Long Did I Dream?"—Seven o'clock awakening.
- "Who Calls?"—The master's voice.
- "Time Was"—Eastern Standard Time.
- "I Don't Want To Walk Without You"—En route to school.
- "Do I Worry?"—Shall I get there in time?
- "I Said, No!"—Teacher's reply when asked to give library slips.
- "We Did It Before"—First period history class.
- "Sweet and Low"—The marks after one of Miss Kaliher's matching tests.
- "It Isn't What You Say, But The Way That You Say It"—Latin translation.
- "There'll Be Some Changes Made"—Fourth period study hall.



CONSISTENCY BEATS DESPERATION

By Tony Tagliente

A consistent Adams quintet defeated a desperate, hard-bitten Pittsfield varsity, February 28 at LaSalle gym in Williamstown. Rarely spectacular but always methodical, the Polish lads of Adams steamrolled to the Northern Berkshire League title.

Led by Capt. George Henderson, Pittsfield played a more spectacular but less efficient brand of basketball.

Pittsfield used a hard-checking floor game, forcing the foe, at times, to pass wildly, which led to interceptions and scores for Pittsfield. On the other hand, Adams with its short passing and quick break, with all five men handling the ball on some plays, was always a bit ahead of Pittsfield in the scoring.

Something beautiful to watch was Adams's passing attack and Romaniak's efficient fake. This Adams team is probably not the most spectacular club to win in the Northern Berkshire League, but it is by far the most scientific in the last few years.

However, Pittsfield gave a good account of itself, with its determined defense and hard-fighting offense. The team was inspired and led by George Henderson and Ted Mezejewski, who came through with good performances and totals of 12 and 8 points respectively. Outstanding on the defense was Joe Boudreau.

Romaniak led the Adams team with 14 points, and probably was the best player on the floor. Also outstanding were Capt. Zaloga, Konat, and Grazela, who came through with baskets in the last few minutes to decide the contest, the final score being 34-28.

P. H. S. COPS CITY TITLE BY PUTTING THE SCREWS ON ST. JOE

By Tony Tagliente

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Pittsfield scored three quick baskets, and more to come, as they out-passed, out-dribbled, and out-shot a determined St. Joe gang.

If George Henderson was the star of the night, it was nothing unusual, for he has been for the last five St. Joe-Pittsfield championship games.

All through the contest, Pittsfield flashed a close-check and quick-break game, which is a good form of basketball if employed in its proper manner—and it was on Wednesday night, February 18th.

Pittsfield High used its extra height and weight in both the first and third quarters to great advantage. Starting the contest off with a snap Pittsfield High tallied and within three minutes had piled up a formidable lead.



THE BASKETBALL SQUAD 1941-1942

1st row: Mgr. Allan Persson, Larry Naughton, Jerry Kelly, Mgr. Polidoro, Tony Procopio, Bob Davis, Edward Bramley, mgr.
 2nd row: Jack Haley, Norman Bornak, Joe Boudreau, Capt. George Henderson, Tony Di Pietro, Ted Mezejewski, Leo Sammon.
 3rd row: Ben Morowski, Lawrence Bowerman, Pete Arlos, Rodney Brown, Anthony Meladeo, Tallarico.
 4th row: Junie Race, Ted Di Pietro, Tommy Evans, Anthony Filipi, Ted Sadlowski. (James Garivaltis, not in picture)

But true to the old St. Joe spirit, and cast in their true role of the underdog, the Irish of St. Joe came back with great fight. They made up for the lack of height and weight with their speed and aggressiveness.

At the half St. Joe had a one point lead, the score being 18-17.

Early in the third quarter, however, sparked by Henderson, Di Pietro, and Sammon, Pittsfield tallied ten points and this lead remained throughout the game, Pittsfield winning with the final score 39-29.

This was not the first time this season that St. Joe had encountered the Pittsfield onslaught, for they met with similar defeat on January 28 with the final score of 31-27.

P. H. S. COURTMEN OUT MARGIN ADAMS FIVE, 33-32

By Richard Carpino

On Thursday, February twelfth, the P. H. S. hoop squad waged a successful offensive attack to defeat the victory-minded foe of Adams High School.

The Adams High team checked a nice floor throw by Captain George Henderson, by scoring point after point during the opening stage of the contest.

The second quarter, likewise proved to be advantageous for the Adams quintet as direct baskets were made consistently against the defenders of the Purple and White flag.

A rejuvenated P. H. S. five entered the battlecourt to revenge an unfavorable 19-12 score as the final phase of dispute commenced. Larry Naughton answered to the P. H. S. cause by sending avengeful attacks relentlessly against the enemy lines. The other members of the squad took the same action in retaliation toward Adams.

The Adams five came back to equalize the score a number of times before being forced to yield to a victorious P. H. S. team.

PITTSFIELD TRAMPLES DALTON 33-24

By Ralph Ringey

On the night of February 4 in the State Armory, Coach Stewart's team, led by the well-known point-getter, George Henderson, chalked up their fifth consecutive win, this time the victim being Dalton.

Starting in the first few seconds of play, Captain Henderson began adding up points which eventually brought to eighty his total for the last five games.

Taking advantage of their free shots, the Purple and White quintet built up a very important margin before the gun ended the first half.

Mart O'Gara was one of the worries of our Five and also a very outstanding player of the evening. Tony Di Pietro, our scrappy little forward, was missed greatly by the crowd of Pittsfield basketball fans. Playing in Tony's position, Larry Naughton kept up a fast pace, although O'Gara held him scoreless.

Mezejewski, Bornak and Sammon accounted for themselves very well and were responsible for the rest of the 33 points.

In view of the last five games, it looks as though Pittsfield High is going places in the league.

PITTSFIELD STOPS DRURY, 30-27

By Donald Morey

The Drury High School basketball team was thoroughly beaten by the Pittsfield High five at the Armory February 6, 30-27. This win enabled Coach Stewart's boys to pass their North Adams rivals in the league standings and gain second place behind Adams.

Before a large crowd of spirited spectators the two teams played a game filled with thrills. As early as the first period, heated competition was shown. For the first time this season Pittsfield showed class.

Although the score was tied 8-all at the quarter, Pittsfield played a much better floor game.

De Pietro was the offensive star of the game. At half-time he had 11 points. He went on to score a total of 15 for the evening. The score was 19-13 in Pittsfield's favor at half-time. Had Pittsfield's shooting been more efficient, they would have romped to victory, for their pressing man-for-man defense prevented Drury from making many shots. Those that were made were usually one-handed flip shots or desperate long set shots with few accurate ones being recorded. The North Adams team was nearly blanked in the third period and was behind 23-17 when the closing quarter started. A high scoring final quarter, in which they scored 10 points, enabled Drury to come within 3 points of Pittsfield as the game ended.

Rinaldi and D'Arcangelo led Drury in scoring. De Pietro, Henderson, and Boudreau led for Pittsfield. Every starting Pittsfield player went the distance.

The P. H. S. Jayvees decapitated the Drury Jayvees by a tremendous score, 34-5.

PITTSFIELD HIGH OUSTS WILLIAMSTOWN 34-27

By Tony Tagliente

The Pittsfield High hoopers, led by the point-getting George Henderson, defeated a fighting Williamstown five, 34 to 27, at the High School gym on January 24.

Henderson, at the beginning of the game, marked the scoreboard by dropping in two successive shorts and a free shot, before the opponents scored on two fouls. By checking closely the Pittsfield men held Williamstown otherwise scoreless in the first period, and the score at the end of the quarter was Henderson five, Williamstown two.

During the second quarter, George sank a couple longs, but the local boys lost the lead

when Chapman and Diodoti of Williamstown scored baskets. However, Boudreau and Bornak followed with a hoop apiece.

With Pittsfield leading at the beginning of the half, Ted Mezejewski traded points with Chapman, and Tony Di Pietro dropped one in after dribbling down the sidelines. However, the Williamstown lads tied the game by making three consecutive tallies. Just before the close of the third period, Chapman scored again, but George Henderson returned the tie by succeeding on a follow-up shot, and the score was 20 up.

Both teams struggled furiously for the ball, with the score close as the game was nearing the finish. Tony Di Pietro looked good on a follow-up shot, and then, with a few seconds to play, George Henderson completed his high scoring by tossing in two quick ones. The game ended with Pittsfield leading 34 to 27.

P. H. S. FIVE SUBDUES ST. JOSEPH'S OF NORTH ADAMS, 21-20

By Donald Morey

Pittsfield's basketball entry in the Northern Berkshire league helped its chances for a league championship when it defeated an obstinate cellar-dwelling St. Joseph's of North Adams five on January 23 by a score of 31-20.

The parochial school representatives played surprisingly well in the first period, leading at the eight-minute mark 9-8. St. Joseph's did not display much finesse at any time in the game, but their long shots early in the contest put them on about even terms with the Shire City quintet. By half time Pittsfield had overcome St. Joseph's slim lead and was ahead 17-13.

There was not much scoring in the third period and less in the last. Capt. George Henderson scored 5 of his team's 7 points in the third quarter and Pittsfield led at that point 24-17.

With a team of substitutes in, Coach Stewart's boys outlasted a tired Tunnel City outfit. St. Joseph's did not threaten in the final period. The game might have been more interesting and the scoring higher had the players stayed on their feet. It was like an indoor football game with the players being knocked to the floor at nearly every play. It was a very rough game with twenty-one fouls called on the teams.

ADAMS BEATS P. H. S. 30-27

By Robert Ylastnik

In a thrilling game at the State Armory Wednesday, January 14, Adams high beat Pittsfield High's basketball team 30 to 27.

It was beyond a doubt the first half that beat Pittsfield, which had only seven points to Adams sixteen at the end of the second stanza. In the second half Coach Stewart's charges performed like the team they really are, but the first half was too much to atone for and they went under by three points. Pittsfield's passing game was much below par, but there was one bright light in Pittsfield's camp and that was the play of Captain George Henderson, who had Pittsfield's individual scoring honors with 11 points, which were garnered on four floor goals and three completed foul shots.

Other Scores

Pittsfield 28 Bennington 20
February 25—Pittsfield 29 Drury 22

HOCKEY SCORES

Westfield	2	Pittsfield	1
Holyoke	4	Pittsfield	1
Cath., Springfield	2	Pittsfield	3
Alumni	2	Pittsfield	6
Darrow	1	Pittsfield	2
Holyoke	2	Pittsfield	6
Athol	3	Pittsfield	1
Williams F'hmen	0	Pittsfield	2
Ch. Bros. Albany	1	Pittsfield	4

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Patricia Fallon

ROUND ROBIN BASKETBALL

The Round Robin Basketball Tournament began February 2. There are eight teams and eight girls to a team. The captains of the teams are as follows:

Team 1, Anna Woitkoski; 2, Wanda Woitkoski; 3, Alma Kingsley; 4, Evelyn Guild; 5, Katherine Monteleone; 6, Dorothy Miller; 7, Jane Hearn; 8, Ann Kennedy.

Each team has seven games and each game won gives the winning team two points. The team receiving the greatest number of points is a tournament winner. All the members of the winning team at the close of the tournament will receive ten points towards their letter.

ROUND ROBIN RESULTS PLAYED IN FEBRUARY

Team	Won	Lost	Tie	Total
1	1	6	0	2
2	5	1	1	11
3	3	4	0	6
4	1	6	0	2
5	2	5	0	4
6	5	2	0	10
7	5	2	0	10
8	5	1	1	11

On Feb. 20 Teams 2 and 8 played. Team 8 won—score 11 to 6.

The winning team—

Guards:
Georgia Diamond
Elaine Sherman
Agnes Eulian
Nancy Organ

Forwards
Ann Kennedy, Captain
Phyllis Goodrich
Betsy Gray
Nena Montelone



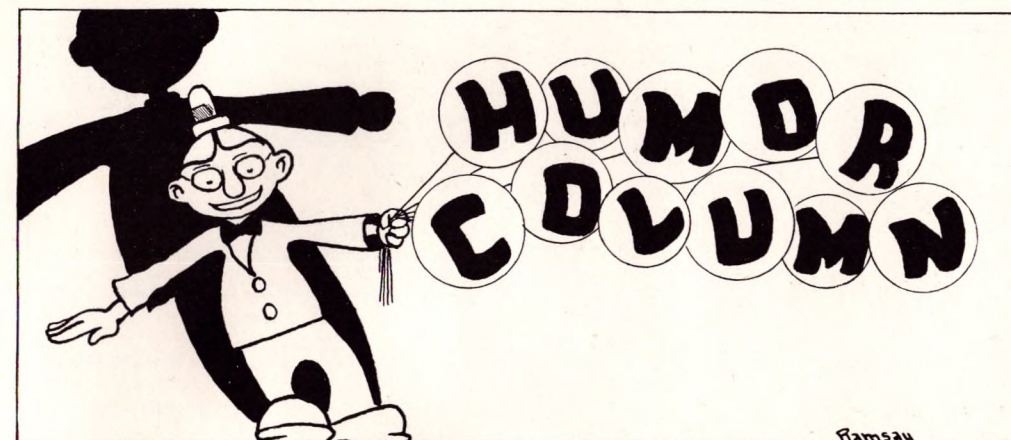
SURE, and we couldn't have chosen a better month to talk about "the wearin' of the green." Green, from its lush soft shades to its right looking bottle green color, is fast skyrocketing its way to prominence and competing, with not too much competition, against some formerly high ranking colors. There is a shade for everyone be she of light or dark complexion. Maybe the reason for green's sudden rise in the fashion world is due to the fact that it goes so beautifully with a great many colors. Right now with so much British tan being used for accessories, one couldn't choose a better color for her background. Later on for the summer nothing is more striking than the combination of dark green and pure white. As a matter of fact many New York shops are giving green more of a build-up than navy blue ever got, and that is going some!

Now let's pull the tape off and unscrew the tops of our banks that we made in January. Don't those pennies, nickels, and dimes look good. Have you looked around for the suit you are going to spend them on, or at least gotten a mental picture of it yet? (It is being predicted that this is going to be the "suitiest" year yet). If you don't know what you want, it is high time you started looking because you have to keep in mind the fact that the sooner you buy your suit, the better material you will get as the ones put on the market later will necessarily be made up of cheaper cloth.

It is almost possible to write your own ticket as to the color and style of your suit. Plaids, checks, pastel shetlands, long jackets and short jackets, pleats, flairs, and straight skirts are examples of the styles and colors at your disposal if you buy in time. Checks and grey men's wear flannel are exceptionally popular, with the pastel colorings running a close second. But as I have said already, write your own ticket and if its sensible, it will be the style.

Jewelry! There are scads and scads of it to be had in all shapes, sizes, colors, and materials. (Metal is becoming a little more scarce). Costume jewelry is a must on our spring shopping list. A good-looking pin can make or break a suit. Don't be afraid to shop around a bit before buying the pin for your suit because there is sure to be a special pin just for you if you look hard and long enough. Sterling silver is always good, and a great deal of it is being shown at prices well within the high school girl's budget. Another cute idea that is really a good investment is an identification bracelet. These bracelets come in either silver or gold. The gold is inclined to get scratched easily so just put some colorless nail polish on it and the plating will last ages longer. The wise girl always keeps a bottle of colorless polish where she can get at it quickly as it comes in very handy in a million and one ways.

It's the style to buy wisely with an eye for values.



ABSENT-MINDED

Bob: "Don't you go to the corner barber any more?"

Dick: "No. He's so absent-minded. The last time I went to him, he handed me a towel to read and pinned a newspaper around my neck."

OH!

Bill: "Why are you limping? Do your shoes hurt?"

Alice: "No, but, ouch, my feet sure do!"

Soph: "We've got to get rid of our cook. He's nearly poisoned me twice."

Friend: "Oh, give him another chance!"

NIGHT IS DAY

Miss Parker: "Don't you think that babies brighten up the home?"

Mr. McGovern: "They sure do. We have the lights on all night now."

LOOK OUT!

Mr. C. Murphy: "My son wants to be a racer when he grows up. What shall I do?"

Dr. Saul: "Don't stand in his way."

DOUBLE TALK

Sophomore: "What do a sentence and a cat have in common?"

Senior: "One has *claws* at the end of its *paws*, and the other has *pause* at the end of its *clause*."

APPROPRIATE CONNECTION

Cris, (at inside school telephone): "Is this the drawing room?"

Voice: "Sorry, this is the dental clinic."

A tramp was to receive a piece of pie on condition that he sawed a cord of wood. A few moments later he returned to the back door and with but a mouthful taken from the pie, said, "Madam, if it's all the same to you, I'll eat the wood and saw the pie."

The organist turned to the audience and said very proudly, "I will now perform the Bach Fugue in C minor." He sat at the organ and triumphantly came down on the keys. There was no sound. Presently the organ-pumper peeped around the corner and said, in a stage whisper, "We will now perform the Bach Fugue in C minor."

Life is just one fool thing after another; love is just two fool things after each other.

Young pianist: "Do you think I shall ever become a good accompanist?"

Mr. Gorman: "Yes, for an A capella choir."

Smart Senior: "Why is cream more expensive than milk?"

Innocent Sophomore: "I don't know."

Smart Senior: "Because it's harder for the cows to sit on the little bottles."

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Berkshire Co. Savings Bank	Back Cover
Berkshire Music School	28
Brown's	35
Burbank Beauty Salon	33
Capitol Theatre	34
Cooper's Anthracite	32
Cooper's Coal	31
Damon Pharmacy	2
Dery Funeral Parlor	32
Eagle Engraving	30
Eagle Printing & Binding Co.	30
Elm St. Garage	32
Flower Shop	34
Follwell Greenhouse	35
General Ice Cream	31
Gloria Hat Shop	34
Henzel, Geo. W.	31
Hector, H. T.	28
Holden & Stone	1
Homemade Ice Cream Parlor	35
Johnnie's Service Station	35
Kulda's	35
Middleton's	34
Moser's Beauty Salon	34
Northeastern	36
Palace Cut-Rate	34
Palace Theatre	33
Park Square Pharmacy	33
Pittsfield Chip Shop	33
Pittsfield Coal Gas Co.	32
Pittsfield Electric Co.	29
Pittsfield Tire	31
Reynolds & Barnes	33
Rider College	33
Rosa Restaurant	33
Sears & Roebuck	34
Sweet Shop	28
Vincent, Sammy	28
WBRK	35
Wellington Funeral Home	33
Wendell Beauty Salon	34
White Star Confectionery	28
Wilkinson's	32



*I'll help "Keep 'em flying"
I've got a big job to do*

America has suddenly gone into full war time production.

Behind the great production of ships, planes, tanks and rifles
. . . . is electric power.

The increasing demands upon electric power are almost unbelievable. Factories working a 24-hour day. Ghost towns come to life. It means new electric equipment and lines going into service constantly.

But I'm ready to do my part. I'll help keep 'em flying.

REDDY KILOWATT

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